IN SOUTHERN PORTUGAL

Unattractive Muscatel Grape Vine

yards-The Ancient City of "Troia,"

Said to Have Been Built A. D. 300.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

this celebrated commercial port of south-

ern Portugal is only about twenty miles be-

low Lisbon, it is nearly a day's journey

from point to point. First, a full hour by

shore to Barreiro on the southern. No

this water passage as a pleasant one, not

withstanding its novel scenes-the slowly

receding city of palaces rambling over hill

ahead, and dark mountains in the back

ground on every side. The dirty little boat,

infested with fleas, flies and other vermin

lish channel, or a sailing vessel rounding

mules, horses and cattle, all seasick to-

gether, are crowded in closest juxtaposi-

Barreiro is the terminus of the railway

that runs eastward to Evora, thence south

man and Moorish days; and a branch.

hardly longer than its name-"Portugese

Royal Railway of Lisbon-Barreiro-Sebutal"

-Connects the last named port. The

low-passengers insist on opening all the

windows, the little square cars, uncom-

AN UNATTRACTIVE REGION.

without finding so utterly forbidding a

dunes, interspersed with patches of rusty

moorland, and here and there a muddy

flowerless and birdless, except for an occa-

or perched contemplatively on a sand-pile;

and the view is bounded by hideous red and

yellow hills, their bare cliffs topped with

scraggy stone-pine. Had Dante wished to

farner, he could not have found a more

sun and climate combine against the unfor-

tunate tiller of the earth. Though the fer-

vid sun withers and kills, winds blow damp

all are ague-smitten. Even the blessed

rains of the desert, falling alike on the just

and the unjust, are of little benefit here,

leaving no moisture behind. Yet, strange

to say, agriculture fights for a foothold

even here, and with considerable success.

This desolate region produces the best wine

of southern Portugal, the famous Lavara-

at all with stunted "prickly-pear" cactus

stuck along the top in lieu of fenc-

ing. Within the weed-grown, sandy

twisted stumps raise their heads like black

snakes with half their bodies in the air,

contorted in their struggles to free them-

catel grapes, the best in the world, from

At this season of the year the vines have

Hardly a tree can stand against their bit-

ing gales, and the giant reed-cane, indis-

favored localities, is here dwindled to the

stretch of imagination can conceive

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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Are to be sold for about half earlier prices. Forty-five of the season's most stunning styles that have been priced \$15.00 to \$95.00, will be on sale in the morning at from \$8.75 to \$55.00. With them we also offer fifteen \$10.00 Brown Marten Muffs at \$7.50. With furs even higher than a month ago, such a sale holds a peculiar interest. We'll expect you.

Blankets are

ets are bulky. The logic of this

ent when one considers that this

of French flannels and golf suit-

ing in from factory and cus-

tom house. They demand room,

even if it has to come through

the sacrifice of every blanket

profit. These reductions hold

stock is leveled to half its present

Cheaper

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Place this present showing of ours in the midst of a world collection, and its beauty could scarcely be dimmed. For it is of the world and from the world's best. You've long known this store for its always superb array of real laces; you've appreciated its careful selections and reasonable prices for the machine made. Expectations will be fully met in present importa-

Russian, Renaissance and Arabian Appliques promise a great degree of popu-

Point Venise Edges and Bands are scarcely less fashionable.

Then there are the Irish Laces, Edges and Insertions: Oriental Laces, too, and many all-overs of Batiste, with dainty insertions and edges appliqued.

A full assortment of Mecklin, Platt blanket section is also the section Val and French Val Laces. Real Laces are available in Point. Duchess, Arabian and Valenciennes.

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The new ones have come, and such mardle craft they are.

prisingly perfect; the finest products of the loom are embellished with a variety of graceful patterns to satisfy every longing.

HAMBURG, SWISS and NAINSOOK present their charms in every form of

edge, insertion or all-over. TUCKINGS are alluringly fashioned with lace, embroidery, lace and embroid-

ery or simply plain.

5c a yard, more elaborate effects at

gradually ascending quotations to \$6.00.

vels of nee-75c 10-4 Cotton Blankets 57c Bewitching designs are 25 pairs of White, Gray and Tan Woolworked out filled Cotton Warp \$4.50 Blankets are now offered at83.25 in detail sur-20 pairs of strictly All-Wool ones, white only, are reduced from

12 pairs of 11-4 Blankets, soft finish, White Blankets, colored borders, a quality cheap at \$7.00; choice

at \$5.35 \$2.00 Infant Crib Blankets, 32x42 inches\$1.69 As to price, pretty edges are shown at A few soiled blankets that have been

half the regular value.

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There's an autocrat in this underwear section-a nervously energetic young woman who has listened to your criticisms and comments; yes, and compliments for several seasons past. She knows your likes and dislikes and she respects them. And she makes us respect them; likewise, the manufacturer. Woe to him who tries to run in a gown too skimpy or a skirt too narrow. Underwear, to gain admittance here, must first be properly proportioned, then of good material, well made and tastily trimmed, Because blank- but full and shapely first. The

assertion, however, is only appar- GOWNS-39c, 49c, 59c, 69c, 75c, 98c, \$1.29, \$1.39, \$1.49, \$1.98, \$2.49, \$3.98, and up to

SKIRTS-89c, 98c, \$1.29, \$1.75, \$1.98, \$2.49 \$2.75, \$3.29 and up to \$8.50. ings. These latter are now pour- CORSET COVERS-25c, 39c, 49c, 59c, 75c

98c, \$1.29, \$1.49, \$1.98, and \$2.49. AWERS-25c, 49c, 59c, 89c, 98c, \$1.1 \$1.29, \$1.98 and \$2.49.

Less than the home cost of making in every case, should you place anything like a fair value on the labor of such work.

good for three days, or until Roman Embroideries and Mexican Center Pieces

Six small lots at six small prices. Enough for Monday, day's selling. But don't take chances; these are cheap.

> One lot of Roman Embroidery Center Pieces, 20 by 20 inches, regular 35c kind 230 Another lot, same size, but hand-A third assortment, 32-inch squares, previously priced \$1.25, \$1.35, and \$1.50,

400 5 to 9-inch Doylies, round and square, such as sell regularly at 10c and 121/2c each, choice 6c One hundred and twenty-five Center

Just fifty of the \$12.00 kind, while

elegant quality; choice, a pair .. \$4.50 27 pairs of extra large, 12-4, All-Wool

L.S. Ayres & Co.

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Things To Be Considered

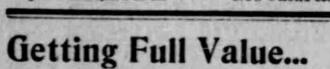
work, third, responsibility of operator. 1. We guarantee painless extracting, because in taking our Vitalized Air (which is given to young and old, to the weak and lelicate with absolute safety) THERE CAN BE NO PAIN. OUR FILLING IS PAINLESS because

we use the latest and most improved methods-best materials and greatest care. 2. Our prices speak for themselves. Best teeth, with painless extracting ... \$10 Good teeth, extracting not included ... \$5 Gold crowns Bridge work..... \$5

Silver fillings..... 75c 3. We are responsible, because we are the largest and oldest established office in the State, twenty-three offices in United States. ALL WORE WARRANTED.

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Is the enjoyment of a fine cigar. When he can buy a cigar with the exquisite flavor and complete satisfaction that is wrapped up in one of our PRINCE ALBERTS, that luxury does not come high. I have sold this cigar for years and it has given complete satisfaction to the trade and to the

LOUIS G. DESCHLER, Cigarist

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height of a walking stick. But mother Nature, according to her immutable laws of compensation, concentrates her beneficent his perfect model. The Portuguese hoe

seems to have been especially devised to increase the husbandman's burden of toil. Its blade is very broad and long, set on at a sharp angle with the handle-the latter so short that it bends the wielder almost to the earth. Everywhere you see the flashing of these great hoes in the sun, though oilers themselves are hidden in clouds of dust-for only incessant labor can wring any response from this wind-swept desert.

> TRANSFORMATION SCENE. As the train jolts and crawls over the desolate plain your spirits sink to lower and lower ebb-when, presto! You come suddenly upon a wonderful transformation scene. Only a narrow dividing ridge-and in an instant you are in a marvelously beautiful land! Orange and lemon groves fill the air with fragrance, blossoms showing on the branches, and fair ripe fruit, like "golden lamps in a twilight of leafage." Fields are dark green with the rank luxuriance of growing crops; the air is soft and warm; birds are singing in the trees; orchards-peach, almond, pear and cherry-

geology can explain this amazing change. On one side of the ridge are the alluvial sand-flats of some ancient sea; on the other the rocks, clays, schist and limestones of the oolites. And then such triumphs of nature's masonry in cliff and mountain, such strangely contorted peaks and intensely red rock surfaces, such harmonies of grays and purples, greens and blues! On a massive cliff, commanding the six miles of fertile valley between the ridge and Sebutal, stands the ancient Moorish stronghold of Palmella-still no mean fortress, with its square towers and tall battle

Sebutal, lying close to the beach, has its own hill fortress, that of St. Philip, built SEBUTAL, Portugal, Dec. 15.-Though by Philip III, besides five other picturesque forts stretched along the river. The town, which the English-who have murdered so many Latin names in cold blood-miscall Saint Ubz. is situated very much like Lisferry-steamer, across the broad estuary of bon, lying a few miles from the Atlantic, the Tagus, from Lisbon on its northern on the north side of a great river (the Sado), whose broad estuary forms a magnificent harbor, though obstructed by sand banks near its entrance. Never was seen a more beautiful city, as approached in the late afternoon-its white houses glittering in the rear, a strange African landscape in the sun, in strong contrast to the dark green orange groves surrounding them and the bright blue bay in front. In the west, overtopping town, valley and lesser heights rolls and rocks like a steamer in the Engstretches the great Arrabida range, peak above peak, to the "Western ocean." Cape Horn. In it aristocrats and peasants, Somewhere in the foothills of those red treeless mountains, two or three thousand feet above the sea, is the rare old cloister tion. An icy wind sweeps the shady side of Arrabida, within whose stalactite cav of the deck chilling you to the marrow, erns, since time immemorial, a body of gray friars have passed lives of austere dea blistering sun makes your countenance to shine. The climax of discomfort is votion, visited once a year by pious pilcapped by a seemingly endless wait in grims from all parts of Portugal. Like front of Barreiro, still rolling and tossing as other monks, these mountain friars are in a storm at sea, and black and foul beach | buried in unmarked graves, and it is said that if the hunter inadvertantly steps upon exhalations more pestilential than those the place of the holy dust his earthly bless that distinguished Havana harbor before ings are numerous forever afterward.

Setubal stretches three miles or more along the river bank, faced with broad quays and spacious warehouses. Though to Beja-those two cities so famous in Ro- its population is less than 20,000, it is Por tugal's fourth city in size and third in commercial importance, owing chiefly to its extensive trade in muscatel and white wines. Considerable quantities of oranges. road runs, or rather creeps, through a flat | lemons and corkbark are also exported. It and treeless desert-a regular Sahara of is the emporium of the Portugese saltworks, too, mined a few miles to the eastshifting sands; and as your Portuguese felward. The salt is said to be the finest for curing fish and meat, and is principally fortable enough at best, become filled with | shipped to Scandinavian ports. Its pilchard dust and smoke-not to mention nauseous and other fisheries are also of great value odors of fish and garlic from your neigh- There are a number of quaint old churches bor's luncheons and the incessant high- in the town, several convents, a theater, a bull-ring, an arsenal, and a handsom pitched staccato of the idioma, whic., afflicts your weary nerves like the ming of monument to the poet, Bocage, who was born in Setubal-the name, by the way, be pronounced as if spelled Say-too-vahl. You might travel over half the world Among its other notable public buildings are three hospitals, two Latin colleges stretch of country-such dreary sand the Bomfin with its beautiful fountain, the Fonte Nova and the Annunciata. Remains of ancient walls inclose the town on creek. The soil is stained bright red in its land side and the whole valley is comspots, with wild sorrel, that looks like pletely commanded by forts on the hills. splashes of human blood; all is treeless, This is the site of the old Roman city, Cetobriga. Some zealous authors give i sional buzzard circling above some carcass still greater antiquity and ascribe its ori-

gin to Tubal, a near descendant of Noah! A BURIED CITY. Far more interesting than the city to-day are the remains of ancient "Troja," represent the future state of the impenitent | in the sand hills of a low-lying promontory in the bay. Early in the present centypical inferno, where wind and water, soil, tury an unusually heavy rainfall uncovered the ruins, and in 1850 an antiquarian society began researches, which have later been carried on by the Dukes of Palmilla, the and chill. Malaria burdens the air, and the richest and most influential family of Eshaggard faces of the inhabitants show that tramadura province. A beautiful Roman house has been unearthed, almost entire, ties which furnish conclusive evidence that soaking at once through the loose sand and | the place dates back to 300 to 400 A. D. You may easily visit it, sailing across the bay from Sebutal; and in the near-by palace of the Duke of Palmilla, if so fortunate as to gain an invitation, you may see lachrymatories and cinerary urns of do, so called from the adjacent village of glass. Saguntine vases, bronze and earthenthat name, which in turn was called in ware lamps, amphoras, styla of bone, bits honor of the late Count Do Lavarado, long of mosaic pavement and columns of colthe Portuguese minister to the court of St. ored marble, and a great number of coins, James. But what a disappointment to eyes Roman and Phoenician. It is a significant not used to wine-growing are these vine- fact, as indicating dates, that while Trayards, stretching for miles half cooked in jan. Antonius Pius and Julian the Aposthe sun! There is not the slightest sug- tate, are represented by only one or two coins each, seventeen have been found of gadding vine" which poets have taught us | Constantius Gallus, 340 of Gratian, (who to look for on the trellises of France and | died A .D. 383), 200 of Maximus who overnovice of Dante's wood of the Seventh Cirof Theodosius the Great. There are fewer cle, wherein the souls of suicides were coins of Theodosius's two sons, who reigned transformed into gaunt knotted trees, fed after him, the last of whom died in on by harpies and conscious of physical pain. Here a vineyard is a rough field inemperors are to be found in Troja. closed only by low sand-mounds, if inclosed

the year 423; and the coins of no more Why the ancient Romans, or any other people, should have wanted to make a settlement, much less a luxurious city of palaces and marble baths, on an absolutely expase, at intervals of two varas, dark, barren headland, when the fair and fertile soil of Sebutal lay just opposite and apparently waiting to receive them, must forever remain among the mysteries. Perhaps selves from the earth. You can hardly sea and land have shifted their relative pobelieve that these bear the luscious mus- sitions since that early day and it is the opinion of many scientists that if the sand which the far-famed white wine is made. dunes were shoveled away it would be found that Troja extended far around the been pruned back. Next spring they will bay. Quite remote from the one Roman put forth a few scattering leaves, and each | palace unearthed, away down by the beach snaky stump will send out four or five yard- are a series of reservoirs, from ten to fif long shoots. Wind draughts, passing east | teen feet long, from five to ten feet broad and west along the great Tagus estuary, and four or five feet deep. They are built particularly torment this unsheltered plain. with good concrete foundations, finished off smoothly inside with cement. The natural inference is that they were sea baths for pensable for vine plant staking, which the aristocratic Romans whose sea-view grows twenty and thirty feet high in more palaces crowned the hilltops. Dig anywhere a few inches below the surface and you may find bits of green glazed pottery, mosaic pavements and broken marbles. In places where heavy rains have washed forces in the sweetness and rare flavor of away the sands, portions of walls, vaults and archways are visible, indicating what brated "Man with the Hoe" may here find rich "finds" a few days' hard work with pick and shovel might disclose.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Feline Tragedy. Philadelphia Record.

Deafness seems to be a characteristic of

Angora cats. Of course, they are not all deaf, but a great many of them are, and, having been born that way, they do not realize their infirmity. Out in West Philadelphia, near Forty-ninth street station lives a family the special pride of which for several years has been a beautiful Angora. There are no children, and the cat has been the pet of the household. But now he is in disgrace, for he has lost his beautiful, bushy tail, and lost it in a most extraordinary manner. He has always haunted the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, and has een seen sitting on the ties, with his day last week he was sunning himself in came along. The cat, whose turned to the approaching engine, was too deaf to hear, and if he noticed the vibration he was too lazy or too sleepy to change his position. There was his tail, the pride of the household, spread across the track, and the engine was coming at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Then came the tragedy. There wasn't even a crunch as the wheels

covered with blood, and minus his caudle appendage, sneaked home, and has since been on the hospital list. He will eventually recover, but with the loss of his tail his proud spirit has been completely broken.

A LITERARY RELIC.

Western "Gift Book," Issued Seventy Years Ago.

"The Western Souvenir, a Christmas and

New Year's Gift for 1829," is the title of a small volume recently discovered among the forgotten treasures of an old library in southern Indiana and brought forth to enturned its pages seventy years ago, when its now faded covers glistened with the sheen of silk and its gilded edges, now dim, flashed with their luster untarnished. Cincinnati was the birthplace of this modest production, the firm of N. & G. Guilford its sponsors for publication, James Hall its editor and compiler, while the name of W. M. Farnsworth appears as the printer. this day and generation, with the center of population within the borders of our own State, and literary culture widespread throughout the entire Mississippi valley, it is difficult to realize that our grandfathers were looked upon as frontiersmen and Western pioneers, and that the now wealthy States bordering on the Ohio were regarded along the seaboard as a region only inhabited by savage red men. Hence the daring which was required in 1829 to issue a gift book west of the Alleghenies. and a paragraph or two from Mr. Hall's preface may well be quoted to show the timidity with which he made the attempt. "The following work appears before the productions of art and genius which have reflected so much honour upon the talents volume aspires to something beyond the ordinary compilations of the day, and that we have endeavoured to give it an original character by devoting its pages exclusively to our domestick literature. It is written and printed in the Western country, by Western men, and is chiefly confined to subjects connected with the history and character of the country which gives it birth." Glancing over the table of contents one readily sees that this promise was carried into effect, for the titles all have a strong bearing upon the frontier life, and the local coloring of their subject matter is equally pronounced. "Oolemba in Cincinnati," the supposed narrative of a Delaware chief, is one of the longest tales in the book, while "Chetoca, or the Mad Buffalo," is vouched for as an unembellished recital of actual occurrences.

S. S. Boyd, the distinguished jurist, whose later years were spent at "Arlington," an ideally charming home near Natchez, yet occupied by his immediate family, contributes another Indian story, "The Descendants of Paugus," besides a poem in five stanzas, "Maria Louisa at the Grave of

"The Last of the Boatmen," by Nis a well-written sketch describing Mike Fink, the typical representative of a class now long extinct, yet which once possessed characteristics no less marked than the Romany gypsies or the Neapolitan lazzaroni. The whole period of the keel boatmens' existence was not more than a third of a century, for the character was created ern waters and ceased with the successful establishment of the steamboat. Among these men Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. He was the hero of a hundred fights, the champion of a thousand reckless adventures, and with and many Roman coins and other antiqui- him expired the spirit of the keel boatmen. Not many names among the contributors have been handed down to fame, several choosing, with that mock modesty once fashionable, to veil their identity behind the pen names of "Orlando," "Velasco," "Hassan" and "Anon," while-a fact most unlike present conditions-not a woman's signature appears. A giftbook for the present year that should omit the talented women who wield the pen with brilliant success in every State of our Union would be a curiosity, and an unworthy one.

Accustomed as we are to the modern luxury of copious illustration, the 324 pages of this book seem very barren, with only seven plates, and those but crude steel enfort, Ky., all bear a strong resemblance to each other when represented as toy villages set in the midst of umbrageous landscapes, while "The Deserted Children" and "The Shawance Warrior" are simply drawn to meet the requirements of the text they ac-

John B. Dillon, afterward celebrated through his "History of Indiana," the first ever written, here woos the muse of poesy with "Lines to an Orphan's Harp." Indeed, the versifiers all show the influence of that romantic school which apostrophizes the beloved object in terms that would now appear stilted and pedantic but were then in complete consonance with a generation | Pemba, and a strip of inland coast country, whose favorite novels were "Children of has been ruled by an Arab Sultan for the the Abbey" and "The Mysteries of Udol-

"To a Cold Fair One" is among the anon- any part in social or political affairs. In ymous fragments, while N. Guilford signs on "Lde to Musick," and Orlando emulates lic and when they do it is under the prohis Shakspearean namesake in the sentimentality of his prolific verse, though he from the gaze of curious observers. The also shows a sense of humor in "The Plant of Havana," a parody-when the parody was yet new-on Mocre's "Meeting of the

James Hall, the editor, evinces his own widely different topics, and he, too, tries Further, Captain Riley was never United his hand at parody in stanzas which open his little volume, and the first of which ord of continuous service in the office may here be quoted to close this brief review of a by-gone holiday book.

For save this fair volume we Souvenir had It comes unprecedented, it comes all alone; So glossy in silk, and so neat in brevier, There never was book like our new

THOMAS JAMES DE LA HUNT. Virginia Place, Cannelton, Ind.

Two Wonderful Parrots.

New York Tribune. Patti has two wonderful parrots, one which talks all day long and imitates its mistress's trills and staccati in an amazing fashion, and can even compose the most Jumbo by name-is an oadity. Patti bought his favorite position when an express train to be the finest talking parrot alive. Once Months went by, until one morning the "for I have to sing to-night." The doctor duly arrived. As he entered the room the parrot uttered his first and last words: "Oh, doctor," he exclaimed, in a strong abound, and every inch of uncultivated of agony was drowned in the noise of the Tankee accent, "I'm so sick!" And since that day, now several years ago, he has ground is radiant with wild flowers. Only merciless wheels. As hour later the cat. not uttered a word.

ANOTHER ILLUSION GONE

FACTS WHICH SHOW THAT SOME PLAIN LIES COME FROM AFRICA.

Never Was a Queen of Zanzibar, There Was No Consul Smith, and the Shotgun Story Is Untrue.

of the American press some years since, effect that the American consul to Zanzibar had fired a load of birdshot at the queen of that far-away island. An Indiana traveler, who found himself in Zanzibar, made inquiry in relation to this story, and found it to be baseless. In a personal letter sent to a friend in this city, he said: "Because of the fact that Zanzibar is on the opposite side of the world from America, and that there is little communication between our own country and this faraway island, some people who have visited this country, and others who have not, but who possess a vivid imagination, have indulged in much romancing concerning Africa in general and Zanzibar in particular. These romancers, presuming on the people, and believing that no one in America will go to the trouble to 'tab up' on them, have written fearful and wonderful stories of exciting adventure and hairbreadth escapes from tragic deaths by wild beasts and savage natives. One case of racy romancing and preposterous presumption was that of one Captain Riley, who imposed upon the press and succeeded in securing the publication in many of the recent years, of a story concerning his experience in Zanzibar. The story, which is familiar to many, was to the effect that Captain Riley was at one time stationed as United States consul in Zanzibar, and that when he assumed charge of the office, believing it his patriotic duty, as well as his privilege under treaty regulations, he unfurled the American flag over the consulate. This conspicuous display of the national colors, it is alleged by the captain, was offensive to the Queen of Zanzibar, who requested the removal of the of jectionable banner. The captain, being patriotic man and believing that he represented officially the greatest country on earth, refused to comply with the request, or rather demand, of the Queen, informing her Highness in plain, but undiplomatic language, that so long as he was consul the flag of his country should float over his

official mansion. THE SHOTGUN APPEARS. "This, it is further alleged, greatly incensed the Queen, who, being accustomed to obedience to her will, sent some of her subjects to remove the flag. The brave captain, not frightened at this hostile attempt to humiliate the consul and insult the dignity of the country he had the honor to represent, proceeded to defend the flag with a double-barrel shotgun which he had taken the precaution to bring with him on coming to a country so beset with dangers. Following the advice of an illus trious statesman who once said, 'II any man attempt to lower the American flag, shoot him on the spot,' he succeeded in routing the servile subjects without being compelled to resort to murder. When they saw the courageous captain and his formidable weapon of war, they rushed back to the palace to tell their Majesty that the American consulate was so strongly fortified and defended that it was impossible for them to carry out her wishes in re-

"But the exciting episode, according to the Captain's story, did not end with his first victory. The Queen was greatly enraged at the rout of her subjects, and, desiring to set an example of bravery for her people that would in the future inspire them to wondrous deeds of valor and bravery, proceeded at the head of a small body of faithful retainers to the consulate, where she renewed her demand for the removal of the flag. The second demand met with the same stern refusal as the first, whereupon her Highness proceeded with her own hands to chop down the staff from which waved the banner of liberty. It was then that the brave captain (according to gravings fitted to the dimensions of a his own story) came heroically to the de-16-mo. Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Frank- fense of his country's flag, and sent a load of shot from the fowling piece into the anatomy of the dusky Queen. He relates that this shooting of the Queen of Zanzibar created great excitement in the city, and that he was compelled to keep guard over the consulate with his shotgun for several days until the feeling occasioned by the shooting subsided.

moving the flag.

"The ridiculousness and the absolute absurdity of this story is apparent to any one who is in the least familiar with history or with the customs of the Oriental rulers in general, and the Arab race in particular. History shows that Zanzibar, including the islands of Zanzibar and past century. The customs and traditions of the people prohibit women from taking fact, Arab women seldom appear in pubtection of a veil which shields the face wife of a sultan is never known to the pub-

NO QUEEN, NO CONSUL SMITH. "There has never been a Queen of Zanzibar, and no such incident as that related versatility in several sketches Bearing upon by the romancing captain ever occurred. States consul to Zanzibar. There is a recsince 1834, but the name of Riley does not appear on the records in that time. The names of the men who have served the United States as consul at Zanzibar, and the order of their service, are as follows: In 1834, Richard Palmer; 1838, R. P. Waters; 1844, W. C. Waters; 1846, W. H. Jelley; 1848, C. W. Ward; 1852, J. F. Webb; 1853, W. M. Mullan; 1855, D. F. Mansfleid; 1859, E. D. Ropes; 1860, W. G. Webb; 1862, W. S. Speer; 1863, W. E. Hines; 1865, Edward Ropes; 1867, F. R. Webb; 1871, J. F. Webb; 1873, F. R. Webb; 1874, F. M. Cheney; 1876, W. H. Hathorne; 1881, L. A. Bacelder; 1883, F. M. Cheney; 1886, E. D. Ropes, jr.; 1887, Seth A. Pratt; 1888, A. E. B. Govea; 1892, J. A. Jones; 1892, C. W. Dow; 1893, J. W. Allent 1895, R. D. Mohen; 1898, J. C. Billheimer;

"Another instance of romancing was that was searching for Emin Pasha. weeks of exploring the precincts of this quaint, but quiet and peaceable old town he got word that Stanley was coming dow to the east coast. Securing a sallboat, the